

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

For THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

"Before We Say Good Bye."

BY JAMES A. PROSPERI.

Al! happy hours we've lingered here
Beneath the listening moon;
Why did you come at all my dear
To fly away so soon.

Yet, but a moment longer stay
Nor hear Time's jealous call;
I've told you much I meant to say,
But have not told you all.

So take my hand, we must not part,
While you my love deny;
Oh! hear the story of my heart,
Before we say good bye.

Since first I looked in your bright eyes,
Since first I heard your voice,
I felt that life held out a prize
That bade my soul rejoice.

Since then my heart the whole day long,
Sings on in love's delight,
And dreams but echo love's dear song,
And fill with joy the night.

I look into your eyes again,
And seek an answer there;
To what was but a question then,
But now a fervent prayer.

Give love for love, my eager heart
Is waiting your reply;
Ah! say that we need never part,
Need never say good bye.

STORY TELLER.

THE YOUNG REPORTER.

"You needn't stay, Hervey, unless you care to wait on emergency," said the editor. "There's nothing special, and you may as well have your night off, if the rest of us can't."

"Thank you, sir," Alfred Hervey, the young reporter on the paper, would not doubt have preferred to work, but there was nothing for him to do, and as the dismissal of his chief had been kindly meant, he accepted it in the same spirit.

It was no ordinary achievement for a boy of 19 to have advanced, by his unaided aptitude and energy, from the typesetter's case to the reportorial staff of one of the great daily journals.

This was what Alfred had recently succeeded in doing, but he discovered only too soon that the position, once attained, involved difficulties and drawbacks.

The new reporter's position was a very subordinate one. He was paid at the rate of so much per column for such of his articles only as were actually printed in the paper. What was cut out of his "copy" by the editor or rejected bodily was, so much time and labor lost.

The consequence was that Alfred, like many others, not only had no opportunity even to attempt to distinguish himself by "fine writing," but his earnings were actually less than he could command at typesetting.

These were the reflections, no doubt, that tended to cast down the spirits of the young reporter as he quitted the editorial rooms that Christmas eve.

Alfred drew on his gloves and started in the direction of the river; he usually went home by steamboat.

As he elbowed his way through the throng of people he occasionally threw back his head and quickened his step with an air of determination.

He was thinking of the resolutions he meant to make on the approaching New Year's day—resolutions of pluck and perseverance in his work, which would triumph in spite of all obstacles.

Arriving at the pier, he went aboard the boat that was in waiting and, according to his habit, walked straight to the forward deck.

The boat glided out into the swift, dark tide.

As the vessel bumped against the pier which was Alf's destination, a man wearing a long black overcoat, with the collar turned up about his ears, advanced in a nervous manner to the extreme edge of the deck, ready to leap onto the pier.

He might have accomplished the feat in safety had not the boat at the same instant recoiled and suddenly receded several feet.

The passengers were horrified to see the unfortunate man fall short of his landing, and, throwing up his arms with a wild cry of terror, disappear in the dark, seething waters.

He had escaped being caught and crushed between the boat and the pier, but his plight was none the less terrible.

"Man overboard! Hold her back!" shouted the men on the pier to the wheelman.

The order was obeyed with promptness.

The poor fellow in the water was incapable of making any effort to save himself.

One of the pier hands, who had previous experience of such accidents, did the one thing practicable under the circumstances.

Grasping a long boathook, he thrust it into the water, and dexterously catching it in the loose clothing of the drowning man, dragged him with more expedition than gentleness to the pier.

His comrade waited there to grasp the limp and dripping body, and the two gently raised it from the water.

Seized with a feeling of profound pity, Alfred bent over the prostrate body when he stepped onto the pier.

"Do you know him?" asked the man who had used the boathook.

"I don't but I know he must be attended to at once," replied the young reporter energetically. "Look, he has been stunned by the shock, and he'll freeze to death here!"

"Call a policeman and get a doctor, or else take the poor fellow to some place where he can be attended to. We can't leave him here even for a second," said the man.

Alfred beckoned to a policeman, who chanced to be at the top of the pier approach.

"What's up? Hello! Fell overboard, eh?" remarked the officer deliberately shaking the drenched victim by the collar of the long overcoat.

The unfortunate man gave no sign of life.

Somebody procured some brandy, and while the policeman was trying to force it between his charge's lips, a young man carrying a physician's medicine case elbowed his way through the crowd, glanced at the pallid face, seized the hands, and felt the pulse, then bent over and laid his ear close to the heart.

For a moment not a word was spoken; then the young doctor uttered a startled exclamation, and, raising his head, said with grave decision:

"It is too late. The unfortunate man is dead."

The awe stricken silence which followed this announcement was broken by the policeman, who asked, addressing Alfred:

"Who is he? Do you know him?"

"No, I never saw him until he fell into the water. Perhaps we may find out by searching his pockets."

On both sides strange but not unkindly hands were thrust into the spacious pockets of the big overcoat.

There were bags of sweets, nuts, and oranges, and a package of tiny colored wax candles.

Present! For whom?

For the children of the drowned man, who were, no doubt, at this very moment watching for his return.

Tears rushed to the eyes of more than one man in gazing upon this affecting sight, and explanations of "By George, that's hard!" "His poor wife and little ones!" and "Saddest thing I ever saw!" arose on all sides.

As for Alfred, his young heart, not yet hardened by newspaper experience, seemed almost ready to burst with the emotion he felt.

For the time being, he almost forgot the motive which had originally induced him to take such an interest in this stranger's misfortune—namely, the chance of securing a good "news story" for the paper upon which he had yet his reputation to make.

"What's this?" said the policeman, taking a soiled envelope from the inside pocket of the dead man's coat.

"Here's a name—August Faltot—and the address of No. 9 Patchin Place. We'll have to take him to the morgue to await identification, and send somebody to inquire at this address."

The young reporter at once volunteered to go to Patchin Place.

Indeed, he was the only one in the party who knew exactly where Patchin Place was, it being not far from his own home.

Once in the car going toward his destination, Alfred's newspaper instinct reasserted itself, and he began to turn over in his mind the manner in which he should "write up" the sad adventure.

And the adventure itself—how was it going to turn out?

The thought caused him much uneasiness, but he had no time to dwell upon it, for the car was soon passing Patchin Place.

Alfred sprang off, and resolutely marched into the narrow thoroughfare.

No. 9 was one of a row of shabby three story houses of brick.

On every door post were three bell knobs, one for each floor.

Under these knobs were written the names of the tenants.

Alfred's heart beat wildly as he read—"A. Faltot's bell."

He pulled it nervously, and in a moment the summons was answered by a pale, pleasant faced woman, who looked at him inquiringly, and then glanced down the street, as if she was expecting some one else.

"Is Mr. Faltot in? I mean does he live here?"

"He lives here," was the reply, "and I am expecting him home every minute. Won't you come up?"

Alfred followed her up a narrow flight of stairs to the second floor, where one large apartment served the family for kitchen, parlor and living room, while two little bedrooms and a pantry closet completed the suite.

Everything, however, was clean, bright, and cheerful.

Three children were playing about—a boy of eight years and two younger girls.

The happy scene smote Alfred to the heart when he thought of the terrible cloud that hung over it ready to break.

He felt like a relentless monster, and wondered how he had ever consented to bring his fatal message.

"My husband is late," said Mrs. Faltot, offering him a chair. "It is Saturday night, you know, and there's extra shopping to do, isn't there children?" and she glanced merrily to her boy and girls.

Alfred thought of the colored wax candles and the water soaked parcels in the pockets of that long, black overcoat.

Alfred mentally was suffering keenly.

When Mrs. Faltot asked him his name and if he was acquainted with her husband he was glad to gain a little time by stammering out in reply:

"Yes, ma'am—that is to say I have met him—at least I have seen him, you know. I—I—"

"I thought, perhaps, you might be connected with the shop where he works," she continued, not observing his embarrassment. "You see, this is going to be an unusually happy year for us, because now things are beginning to go so well. My husband was out of work for a long time, but now he has a good, steady situation at Noel's. So we can afford to have a little jollification."

"Madam," cried Alfred hoarsely, unable any longer to restrain his feelings, "pardon me, but—"

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, no! Your husband—"

At these words the first intimation of alarm flashed across the poor woman's features.

"My husband?" she repeated anxiously. "You have some message? Has anything happened? Speak, please!"

But he could not speak. The words choked him.

"Mamma, where's papa?" asked little Tiny, instinctively taking fright.

Alfred thought of making a bolt for the door, and so effecting his escape, but it was too late.

A heavy footstep sounded on the stair.

"There he comes!" exclaimed the three children in a breath.

Mrs. Faltot rushed to the door and opened it.

A hearty, genial looking man entered, his face red and smiling, his arm full of parcels, which he carefully carried into one of the bedrooms before returning to kiss the children, who danced about him in high glee.

"Oh, August, I'm so glad you've come!" exclaimed Mrs. Faltot. "I was worried about you."

"Well, I have had a little adventure, that's a fact. But who is our young friend here?"

"I'm a reporter, sir," said Alfred, springing up and holding out his hand. "May I ask your name?"

"Faltot—August Faltot."

could carry a bushel of potatoes in."

"The very same, Sir, the man who took your overcoat was drowned less than an hour ago."

And Alfred recounted the accident in detail.

Mr. Faltot listened with absorbed attention, and said:

"Poor thing! He met his punishment quickly enough, and it was a far more terrible one than he merited. But it's wonderful how soon you newspaper fellows get hold of things."

"That reminds me—I must hurry over to the office and write it all up. You can't imagine what a surprise and relief it was to me to see you come in at that door, sir. Good day, all. A very good day to you."

And Alfred Hervey disappeared as suddenly as he had come, but with what a lightened heart!

In fifteen minutes he had crossed the river again.

The editor pronounced his story a capital one, and told him to "work it up" to the extent of a column if he liked.

Alfred wrote as he had never written before, and he had the proud satisfaction of being complimented—and paid well, too.

The young reporter's story marked the opening of a new and brighter era in his journalistic life, and it was his first deeply impressive lesson in that mysterious complication of joys and sorrows which makes up what we call everyday life.

THE GALLAUDET HOME.

Pleasant news have been received from Danville, N. Y., that Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman are blessed with a pretty blue-eyed baby-girl, born on July 15th, it being the anniversary of her maternal grandparents' wedding.

Mrs. Sherman is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, and well-known to the deaf-mutes down in the Empire city. The little one has been named Dorothy Sherman, and she is the pet of the parish. When Dr. Gallaudet returns from abroad in the Fall, he will doubtless pay a visit to the rectory of St. Peter's Episcopal Church.

Last month the women were busy as bees preparing rags to be woven into a carpet for the sitting-room floor, and Mrs. Nicholson, ever thoughtful for the comfort and happiness of all, had charge of the work. Almost everyday a merry group could be seen on the piazza stitching away, and making their nimble fingers fly.

As a reward for their industry and willingness to help the matron, treated them to ice-cream after the big job was finished, and the others got some of the delicious cream. The rag-balls filled a good-sized clothes basket, and some of them weighed five pounds.

A party on pleasure bent found their way to the Home Thursday afternoon, the 16th ult., having come from a picnic somewhere in this vicinity.

The Poughkeepsie Daily Eagle of July 18th, published an article from the pen of one of the lady managers, in which thanks were extended to all who kindly volunteered their services for the recent lawn party, and for contributions of money, etc.

Will "Old Sly-Boots," of Buffalo, N. Y., furnish the JOURNAL with more news from that city. Her last letter was very interesting, and she will be glad to hear that "Pansy" enjoyed the trip to Port Arthur very much, and proved an excellent sailor, despite the rough water of Lake Superior, through which the steamer "Manitoba" ploughed its course.

"Pansy" will have enough to say in these columns before very long, as she is taking notes by the way, so if we let any more out beforehand we may expect a scolding from her.

It is said that Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Thomson, who have been connected with the Home, are on a visit to the lady's relatives in the West.

Mrs. Starr has been spending a few days with her niece, Mrs. May Lockwood, whose cosy cottage is situated six miles away.

Though nearly blind, Mr. Moses is intelligent. On being asked if he would like to live in Palestine, he quickly replied in the affirmative. Samuel told the writer that America is more powerful than Russia. This would be a nice subject for any of the deaf-mute societies to handle without gloves, when the lecturing season comes around.

Our visitors, Wednesday morning, the 22d ult., were Mrs. Francis Alling, of Poughkeepsie and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mabbett, of Georgia, and a lady from Montana. Mrs.

Alling is closely related to Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald, and well-acquainted with the mute-language.

Mrs. C. M. Nelson, and her daughter, Miss Leila, recently took a delightful trip to Goshen, N. Y. They have not returned yet.

The steamer "Mary Powell," on its trip up the Hudson, Saturday evening, the 25th ult., brought a lady and gentleman to Newburgh, and were met by Supervisor Gardner, and conveyed here. The visitors proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, of whose coming a little bird had whispered to us on the sly. After supper, Mr. Chamberlain held a short chapel service, then there was a social gathering in the library room.

July 26th was a lively mid-summer Sabbath, and not a cloud veiled the blue sky. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain preached in the chapel, and at the early service we had a celebration of the holy communion. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain called upon the Gardner folks at the farm-house. Our friend left for New York on the "Mary Powell" the next day, but they will probably favor us with another visit in the near future. Mrs. Chamberlain is a portrait artist of long experience, and being a lover of nature, she took away some of the ivy leaves that were plucked from the vines out by the front door.

Miss Colton, of Poughkeepsie, has been engaged to make some dresses for the women.

Julia, the ten year old daughter of Farmer Gardner, was presented with a handsome organ on her birthday last winter, and when she has acquired sufficient practice she may become a fine organist.

Rev. and Mrs. Colt are to be here this month, and the clergyman will conduct Sunday service.

Some one at the Home is in receipt of a letter from the Detroit, Mich., correspondent of the JOURNAL. Her numerous friends will be pleased to learn that she arrived safely in Davin, Canada, Saturday, July 18th, after a journey of two weeks.

While stopping at Winnipeg, "Pansy" called at the institution for deaf-mutes and was courteously shown through the buildings.

The Chamberlain family has removed from the Emmanuel House, a mission for converted Jews in New York, and secured nice quarters on West Seventeenth Street, which is within easy distance of St. Ann's Church.

Misses Allen and Nelson came down from Poughkeepsie, Friday afternoon, the 31st ult., and we were glad to see them.

Mr. Joseph Taylor, a deaf-mute of Melville, N. J., who is shortly to be married, is known to a few of the inmates, they having spent the summer and autumn of 1882 in South Vineland, which is two miles from Melville. The others who made up the party from New York have since gone to their eternal rest.

The Morrill gift of \$10,000 lately bequeathed to the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes was good news, and the Home may be benefitted by it.

LOUISE.

MAINE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission will meet in PORTLAND, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, AUGUST 29TH AND 30TH.

The Convention will be held in Reception Hall—a small hall in the City Hall, which His Honor the Mayor has tendered free—at two o'clock p.m.

The biennial election of officers will take place, and whatever other business there may be to transact.

Prof. Clark, of Hartford, will act as interpreter during the Convention. He will also deliver a lecture Saturday evening, after which time will be given to social intercourse.

Preaching services will be held as usual on Sunday, to be announced at the Convention.

Hotel accommodations as follows:—U. S. Hotel, opposite Monument Square, \$1.50 per day if two persons occupy same room; or \$2.00 per day one person in room.

Chase House, boarding house, 421 Congress Street near City Hall, \$1.00 per day.

An excursion has been arranged to Old Orchard Beach for Monday.

Train leaves Portland at 8:45 A.M., and returns from the beach in time to connect with evening trains on the Maine Central.

Half fare rates have been secured on the Maine Central R. R. to Portland. Tickets good from Saturday until Tuesday.

Those who attend Convention must ask their station agent for tickets to mute convention.

Those coming from Boston will find a pleasant passage to Portland by boat.

Steamers leave Boston and Portland every night, Sundays included, at 7 o'clock. Fare \$1.00 each way.

It is hoped there may be a large attendance, and that this meeting may be the largest and most successful gathering of mutes ever held in Maine. A cordial invitation is extended to all, whether residents of Maine or other States.

H. P. HUNT, President
M. D. M. M.

Brooklyn Stray Items.

James S. Orr has sold his bicycle, but does not retire from the Bedford Bicycle Club.

Miss Hannah Henry and Miss R. Gantz went to the country on the 1st of August, and will remain there for a month.

A small party was held at a certain lady's residence in honor of Miss Maggie Gunshanan, on her departure for home in Connecticut.

Miss M. Gunshanan went to Connecticut on July 15th—never to return.

A watermelon party was tendered Mrs. Henry L. Juhring, on the occasion of her birthday, on July 22d. The room were filled with a merry gathering of deaf gentlemen and ladies, who wished her long life and many happy returns of the day. The hours were pleasantly spent in merriment and story-telling. A collation followed, and the guests went home at about midnight.

The seventh annual picnic of the Brooklyn Society has come and gone. It took place at Homeyer's Lyceum Park. There was a big crowd of merry-makers, who thronged the park from early afternoon. Dancing was the feature, with J. Marks in charge. Several deaf organizations visited the park in a body. Many well-known mutes attended also. It was at midnight when the last reveler left the park, and all expressed the opinion that they had a jolly time. The writer could not ascertain how much the society had gained from the picnic.

On the 29th of July, Joseph A. Anderson, a speaking fellow, played the role of a deaf-mute. He went from house to house for alms. His strange actions were suspected, and he was arrested. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for six months.

Chairman Charley Thompson is a most happy man. The late picnic of the Brooklyn Society went smoothly and socially.

Julius Wollman lately spent a few days' sojourn in the country.

Charles Schindler says that he is going to Connecticut. He has secured a place to work there.

The Brooklyn Society seems to be on the wave of prosperity. Eight new members have been secured for the society.

Miss Welch has obtained work in the book bindery department in A. S. Barnes' publishing house. She thinks that she will not go to school in the fall.

Bauers Brothers were arrested for assaulting Mr. Dugan at the former's house. They were arraigned, and had to be adjourned, as there was no interpreter.

On Sunday, the 2d inst., Jimmy Orr and Harry Schnakenberg had a "rousing" time at Coney Island.

George Witschick purchased a lot in Arlington, N. J., on which a new house is now in the course of construction. When the house is finished, he and family will live it—probably in the fall.

FRED.

Rev. Mr. Cloud's Appointments.

Aug. 9—Baltimore, Md., 10:45 A.M.
" 9—Washington, D. C., 3:30 P.M.

" 10—York, Pa., 10:30 P.M.
" 10—Steelton, Pa., 3:30 P.M.
" 10—Carlisle, Pa., 8 P.M.

Rev. Mr. Cloud's address is: 228 Rittenhouse Street, Germantown, Pa.

A large number of deaf-mute residents of New York City, left town on August 1st for their annual vacation.

Wedding Bells.

Last Sunday afternoon, August 2d, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, East 14th Street, New York, Mr. Frank P. Cassidy was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Mary Flynn. Rev. Father Edwards, rector of the church, officiated. Mr. John Long acted as best man, and Miss May Trotter as bridesmaid. The big church was pretty well filled by the friends of the bride and groom, who at the close of the ceremonies offered their congratulations to the newly made man and wife.

Coaches conveyed all interested over the Brooklyn Bridge to 17th Street, South Brooklyn, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. White, where the wedding festivities were to be held. Here more friends of the young couple were awaiting their arrival, and these with those that came over from the church packed the rooms.

The groom is a graduate of the St. Joseph's Institution at Throgg's Neck, and is now employed in the Bay State Shoe Co., and is considered a first-class workman. He is a great favorite with his fellow workmen, and is a leader among the young men of his class. Mrs. Cassidy is also a graduate of the St. Joseph.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. White and their four children, Mr. Lowry and Miss McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Donnelly, Mrs. Long, Mr. P. Ghegan and Miss Silvey, Thos. O'Grady, Luke Broderick, Peter Buttery and Miss Williamson, Ed. Coyle and Miss McCue, John Koffer, Peter Tillman and wife, John Kupper, Thos. Sweeney, Frank Hayden, Jules Maria, W. A. Moore and Miss Rogers, Mr. Patrick Cassidy, father of the groom, Mr. Owen McDermott, Mr. J. Spellman, Mr. Thos. Cassidy, Miss Maggie Burns, Miss Annie Cassidy, and others.

The young couple go to house-keeping at once, having handsomely furnished rooms in South Brooklyn.

ALBANY, N. Y.

The encouraging words of "A. Quad," and also in the last issue of the JOURNAL, pleased the mute Trojans and Albanians very much.

We notice in the JOURNAL that several deaf-mutes of New York are expected to attend our excursion on the 17th inst. They will be warmly welcomed, as for the last few weeks they have frequently been talked of by some of us who desire to see them once more.

Messrs. Collins and John L. Connors, of Troy, and Messrs. Palmer and Kendrick, of this city, since last May, have kept themselves busy distributing tickets. A prize of a gold ring will be given to the mute lady of either Troy or Albany, who sells the largest number of tickets. Also to the mute gentleman who should do the same.

Miss Maggie Hotaling, of this city, expects to get off to New York this coming Saturday for a week's vacation, and desires to say she hopes to meet the Misses Finn, of New Jersey, and Mrs. O'Brien, of New York, who once were her old friends, while at school.

Miss May Henry is thinking of her return to Geneva, N. Y., this coming Fall. If nothing should prevent her, she expects to stay there for a good while. She will, if she can, go to Rochester and pay her friends at the Western Institution a visit. On her return to Albany, she will stop at Rome to visit the Deaf-Mute Institution.

Miss Maggie Sharkey, the sister of the late Philip Sharkey, has ordered a crayon portrait of Philip, from a picture in tin-type.

Miss Prudence Lewis, Supervisor at Fanwood, was in Albany last Saturday night, and was invited to stay over night at Miss Emma Rapp's house. On the following morning, they went out visiting some mutes, formerly of the Fanwood School, in Troy. On the way, they met Mr. John L. Connors, who was going down to see Miss

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1891.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

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Clubs of ten, - 1.25
If not paid within six months, - 2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the price of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THREE days from the date of this issue will be the seventy-fifth anniversary of the landing of Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and Laurent Clerc on American soil. They reached the port of New York on the 9th of August, 1816. As this was a memorable event in the history of deaf-mutes, it is fitting that some reference be made to it at the coming conventions and re-unions. Next summer it is expected that the City of Hartford, Ct. (where the first institution for the instruction of the deaf was opened in April, 1817), will witness a grand meeting of the deaf of New England to commemorate the close of three quarters of a century of deaf-mute education in the United States. Whether or not the authorities of the American Asylum will take action remains to be seen. One thing, however, is certain, which is that the deaf-mutes who owe their education and happiness to the system that was then inaugurated, are very enthusiastic over the plan to celebrate it, and to take a retrospective view of the progress and improvement that has marked each year of the seventy-five that spans the interval from the beginning to the present day.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES is again the legatee of a munificent bequest. A little over a year ago, by the will of Miss Mary Edison, it was remembered in the sum of \$10,000; later the will of John T. Farish gave it \$20,000; and now the late Mr. Morrill, of this city, has bequeathed \$10,000. Thus the good work prospers, and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who is now in Great Britain, at the request of prominent people interested in deaf-mutes, to help forward the education of our silent brethren of that country, will be rejoiced when he hears of this latest stroke of fortune. The Church Mission, embracing as it does the spiritual and temporal welfare of all the deaf, and the maintenance of a Home for the Aged and Infirm, deserves all that it gets; for a more noble and praiseworthy work does not exist. The arduous labors of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and his co-workers have been fraught with difficulties and discouragements, and very often the necessary funds to carry out the objects of the Mission have been hard to secure. But, thanks to our Heavenly Father, the noble instruments of His will have not faltered in their efforts, and now the dawn of brighter days has come. These timely donations will enable the Mission to extend its benefactions and its ministrations where hitherto it has been found impossible to reach.

The suggestion that churches for the deaf should be established in large cities in the West—such as Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and others—is a timely and excellent one. Rev. Mr. Mann's work and the vast territory which it embraces, ought to lead the thoughtful to devise some means by which it might be lightened, and in the principal cities made more effective. What has been done in New York and in Philadelphia, can certainly be imitated and followed in a city like Chicago. With a church of their own, the deaf would profit immensely. It would not only afford the opportunity for regular attendance at a place of worship where in they can participate in services adapted to their condition, but the edifice itself would be an honor to them, directing the attention of the hearing towards them, and correcting many a prejudice, begotten by ignorance of their true condition, which

now operates against them. The deaf possess but limited advantages in the way of religious instruction and improvement, and as in great cities the temptations which beset them are most numerous, so in great cities should the most active and energetic measures be taken to counteract all evil influences.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Abbreviated News concerning Deaf-Mutes.

Lewis B. Cargile is working in the Probate office as a copying clerk, at Scottsboro, Ala.

Mrs. C. C. Carter, of Erin, Tenn., has been sick the past week. Glad to learn that she is getting well, and able to do the house-keeping again.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Soper will be the guests of Gorman Abbott and his charming wife, in Winsted, Ct., during the present month.

Mr. W. H. Terhush, of Danbury, Ct., has bought a farm of fifty-four acres. He has a \$200 colt, four years old, of which he is very proud.

Mrs. George Higgins, of Tusculum, Ala., was in Erin, Tenn., on a visit to her sister, Mrs. C. C. Carter, the past week. She has returned homeward.

An English deaf-mute sailor, who has since been drowned, once said that the parents and relatives of Mr. Docharty, of Boston, who live in Great Britain, are people of high life.

There is a deaf-mute boot-black in the vicinity of Rogers Peet & Co.'s Prince Street store, New York City. It is said that he never attended school, and is about thirty years old.

A sister of John A. Trundle, of Maryland, died suddenly of heart disease, caused by fright, on the 24th of July, at two o'clock A.M. She left a widower and five children to mourn their loss.

Mrs. Charles D. Newton, who was declared insane by a commission of physicians, Drs. Dutcher and Barrett, was taken to Binghamton on Erie No. 8 this afternoon by Supt. Daniel Johnson.—*Oswego Daily Record*, July 28.

Miss Belle De Willegar, of Albany, N. Y., is in deep grief at present, on account of the death of her mother, who rested in peace Monday afternoon last. Her mute friends who knew her mother well, sympathize with her in her sad distress.

Rev. Anson T. Colt has kindly informed President Fox of the Empire State Association, that he and his wife will be pleased to entertain two guests during the convention at his residence, No. 342 Monroe Street, (near Tompkins Avenue), Brooklyn. Any married couple from the interior or two young ladies, seeking for enjoyable and refined entertainment, should address Rev. Mr. Colt, at the above address, or Mr. Fox, at Station M, New York City, when the necessary arrangements will be made.

Alex. Pach, of Easton, Pa., has purchased a horse and buggy, and henceforward the electric cars and lively stables will be divested of the glamour that hitherto attached to them. In the Spring he will hitch his equine investment to a gorgeously painted business wagon, on which will be traced in artistic letters his name, address and avocation. Then, no doubt, free deliveries will be made in every town and hamlet near the Alleghenies. There is nothing sad about Alex.

A. J. Beckwith, a deaf-mute, was struck by a train on the narrow gauge on Sunday evening last, receiving injuries which will compel him to keep his bed for some time at least. He was walking alongside the track and just before the train, which was moving at the rate of 20 miles an hour, reached him, he unconsciously stepped up on the ties, when the engine struck him, and so great was the force that he was thrown 30 feet. His shoulder was dislocated, one rib broken and he was otherwise bruised, besides receiving undoubtedly internal injuries. A great deal of sympathy is expressed for Mr. Beckwith, who is well known here as a man possessed of no bad habits, and all unite in wishing him a speedy recovery. At this writing he is as comfortable as could be expected.—*Smethport (Pa.) Miner*.

Mr. C. O. Dantzer's Appointments.

Aug. 13.—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's Chapel, Rochester.

" 14.—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.

" 16.—Christ Church, Binghamton.

The Rector will hold a special celebration of the Holy Communion for the deaf. Communicants at nine, A.M. At three, P.M., the deaf-mute service will be held in the chapel.

Aug. 17.—7:30 P.M., Trinity, Utica.

" 18.—7:30 P.M., Syracuse, N. Y.

" 19.—7:30 P.M., Oswego, (probable).

" 20.—Auburn, probably in St. Peter's chapel, with Holy Baptism at 7:30 P.M.

" 23.—St. Paul's, Rochester, 3 P.M.

"Dummy" Milton.

From 'Facts, Poetry and Anecdotes of the Deaf and Dumb.'

DEAF and dumb, a strange, weird figure, "Dummy" Milton stalked along, Horny-handed, dark and swarthy, brawny-muscled, hale and strong; Not a deacon's son, a toiler, ever wrought our ranks among.

Busy at his post of duty, many a day his form was seen, Where the bridge with one great archway spans the wooded valley green, Near the two great red-stone quarries with the railway through between.

Twenty years upon the surface, toiled he for his daily fare, Now far in the half-mile tunnel to the flickering oil lamp's glare, Now upon the high embankment, in the clearer, purer air.

Always hunting after something, always fretting about, Many a failure missed by others, "Dummy" Milton pointed out, Laughing ever at our blindness, with his strange half-sneak and shout.

In our gossip, with his gestures, Milton always had his say, Putting like some human engine as he toiled the livelong day, Ever working, ever talking, in his strange and harmless way.

Warning? No; he didn't need it—rains might beat and winds blow high, Some strange instinct told the "dummy" always when a train was nigh; What he lacked in speech and hearing, he had gained in brain and eye.

Sharp by day, the same in darkness, morning grey or twilight dim, Many an old, experienced driver, oily-fingered, smoky, grim, Vowed there never was an engine steaming that could injure him.

Ever first to leave the four-foot clear for an approaching train, Never last when she had passed him to resume his toil again, Heaven knows what a world of fancies must have filled his dreamy brain.

Many a higher-gifted mortal, many a fellow-worker there, Almost swept down ere they knew it, by some engine unaware, Owed their very life and being to the watchful "dummy's" care.

"Dummy" Milton, in his younger days, loved to see and to be seen, Love it must have been that brought her there to share his silent life—Hand in hand they bravely battled through life's weary toll and strife.

For a helper and companion, Providence had sent her there, And she did her duty, bless her, tending him with love and care, Not a tidier-dressed and cleaner than the "dummy" anywhere.

When her first sweet babe she bore him, came he in with muffled queer, Lifted up the tiny sleeper, placed it on a table near, Then with the poker struck a kettle close beside the infant's ear.

How the rosy dreamer awakened, startled wildly with fright, When his father, when he found his valued sense of hearing right, Took it in his arms and kissed it, dancing round in wild delight.

Killed at last was "Dummy" Milton, on that dismal, dreary day, When a dull, dark, misty mantle, over hill and valley lay, When Bill Baxter let his engine down the wrong line run away.

Round the curve into the cutting like a flash of light it swept, Where the "dummy" and his fellows at their posts of duty kept—One wild shout they all together as they out for safety leapt.

Onward rushed the engine past them, in its wild, terrific run, All had leaped for life and saved it,—all got clear away but one; Crushed and bleeding in the four-foot, "Dummy" Milton's work was done.

"Dummy" Milton, many a stranger stops and looks for him, when he goes by, Many a tender heart is saddened, many a kindly eye grows dim, When we tell them how we found him, torn and mangled limb from limb.

THE LATE CLAUDIUS FORESTIER.

From the Deaf and Dumb Times.

We are much indebted to Mr. Douglas Tilden for furnishing us with particulars of the late Monsieur Claudius Forestier, of Lyons, France, who died on the 4th of April last.

We had occasion to remark in our January issue of the self-sacrificing devotion of M. Forestier, who did all he knew to ameliorate the condition of the deaf of France. We therefore felt that it would only be a fitting subject to give a short account of his valuable and useful life.

M. Forestier was born at Aux les Bains in the year 1810, and then possessed all the faculties of hearing. At the age of twelve, however, he became deaf, how and in what way, we are unable to say. He was educated at the Deaf Institution in Paris, and was a particularly bright pupil. On graduation, he became a monitor, and then a teacher at the same time as the late M. Berthier, the famous French deaf-mute.

Just at this time a deaf-mute teacher named Combery founded a school at Lyons; and, being in want of an assistant, M. Forestier was induced to go there at the age of 23. He soon afterwards married the head master's daughter. After a few years when M. Combery retired, M. Forestier became head master of the school in 1839, and held the position until his death—more than fifty years.

During his life, M. Forestier was the means of encouraging a monk named Charles, to found an asylum for poor or abandoned deaf girls, which exists to this day, and harbours some two hundred inmates. M. Forestier owned the whole institution and its grounds, and it is understood that he has left the whole to the cause of the deaf. He was also known as the author of a good many works, notably "Dialogue for the Deaf," "Lessons in the French Language," "Scriptural Lessons," etc. It is also said that he prepared in manuscripts covering the whole period from the infant year to the graduating. He had also the honour of being decorated with the ribbon of the officer of the Academy.

A biography of his life is shortly to be published by the teachers, who were M. Forestier's collaborators.

City of Collars and Cuffs.

The members of the Troy and Albany Societies are working like beavers for the success of the forthcoming grand combination excursion in aid of that noble Home (the Gallaudet Home), and it is a foregone conclusion that it will have a grand success, and that the Home will be at least \$200 richer on the 18th. The members believe in the use of printing ink, and have already used a great deal for advertising. Any body with their eyes open, will see their "adv." in the dailies and weeklies of the two cities, and also on show cards, which adorn the windows of all the leading stores on the principal streets and avenues of both cities.

The steamer "W. M. Whitney" of the Albany and Troy Steamboat, has been engaged, and is capable of carrying 900 persons. Baeren Island is indeed a beautiful island. We expect to see representatives from Amsterdam, Gloversville, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cohoes, Waterford, Saratoga, Fort Edward, Whitehall, Cambridge, Hoosick Falls and other near-by towns, and we assure all of a very enjoyable day's outing.

Last Sunday Mr. Myron R. Palmer, of Albany, entertained Chairman W. T. Collins and Mr. James F. O'Neil right royally, and after dinner his brother-in-law invited them to ride. It is needless to state that they accepted his kind invitation without any coaxing, and, oh, my! how the horses did make the dust fly through Washington Park, and up and down Madison Avenue for two hours. Madison Avenue is to Albany what Fifth Avenue is to New York City and Bedford Avenue to Brooklyn.

Mr. O'Neil declared that Mr. Palmer knew how to entertain his friends and make them feel at home. Late in the afternoon he took them to see his best girl, Miss Francis Allen, who by the way, is a very charming semi-mute lady, and a graduate of Miss Hattie Hamilton's class at Rochester, where they had a very pleasant time for about two hours.

The many friends of Mr. Matthew J. Kendrick will be pleased to know he has a tip-top position in one of the departments of the Albany city government.

The deaf-mutes who intend to get on at the Albany landing, should bear in mind that it is at the foot of Maiden Lane, and not Madison Lane, as announced in the advertisement.

—TROJAN.

Troy, Aug. 3, '91.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

Amsterdam is finely situated on the east side of the Mohawk River, and one of the most lively towns in the beautiful valley, and has about twenty-three thousand population, of which there are fifteen deaf-mutes living in this city. I had the pleasure of meeting some deaf-mutes (since I made my abode here) who can talk as well as any intelligent graduate of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. Wasserman is a smart semi-mute. He is a book-keeper in his father's brush factory.

Mr. John Brown is a princely gentleman, commands a handsome income and has a costly residence. He has been, for thirty-four years, in the carpet mills. His wife is a charming hostess.

Jno. Seecley is a boss-mason. Wm. A. Watts and family have moved here. Will is employed at the steel spring works. He lived in Schenectady for the last ten months, where he worked at the Edison General Electric Company.

Miss Walker, a lovely, young lady, has attended school at Rome for one year. A company planned a journey on foot in the Catskills. Miss Walker is one of the few of the silent world who can take such a trip to the blue-skied mountains.

The writer's wife had the most delightful time in her company last week. Her parents are wealthy. She can shoot and play tennis, and is a graceful horseback rider.

Fifteen deaf-mutes assembled at Mrs. Seecley's home, on Washington Street, and they had an ice-cream festival. Then Mrs. Wm. A. Watts, a charming mute lady, said the Lord's Prayer gracefully in signs. Mrs. John G. Seely lost her nine-months-old boy, on Saturday last. He died of congestion of the brain. Mrs. Seely has our sympathy, in her irreparable loss.

"We weep with thee, as Jesus wept with Mary," Thy child is with the angels, Singing now, Jesus loves thy child, As He took him to his mansion, Wherein in His kingdom, thou wilt Meet him at the resurrection?

Aug. 2, '91.

Miscellaneous Notes.

There are now under operation in the United States alone no less than 310 electric railways, operating over 2400 miles of track, with 4000 cars, equipped with about 7000 motors, representing no less than 175,000 horsepower in dynamos and motors. Not less than 400,000 miles are made a day, and nearly a billion passengers carried annually. Although only three years are passed, one-third of the entire mileage of street railways is electrical and there is scarcely a road in the United States that is not considering the application of electricity.—*Lorin Tablet*.

FANWOOD.

Honoring the Soldiers and Sailors of the Civil War.

DR. WILKINSON SAILS FOR EUROPE.

Happenings at Fanwood.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

R. E. Maynard, one of the JOURNAL typists, spent Saturday and Sunday in Yonkers, N. Y. The first day was spent in testing the friendship of his canoe "Gracie," and she showed that "and acquaintance had not been forgot." He expects to make several cruises in her next fall, and hopes the experiences coming therefrom will be a sight better than last year's. Sunday he visited the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, recently erected in this city. Robert expected to see it unveiled last Saturday, but on reaching home, learned that it was postponed till September 17th next, the 29th anniversary of the battle of Antietam, in which many Yonkers soldiers participated.

The monument is of granite, and represents a soldier on top, who holds a furled American flag in his hand, and stands with one foot resting on a cannon. Further down toward the middle of the monument a large block of granite projects out, on which stand four bronze figures—two soldiers and two sailors. One of the soldiers represents the North, standing ready to use the bayonet of his gun, and with one foot resting on his knapsack. The soldier representing the South stands in a position which clearly shows that the outcome of the Civil War was against him. The sailor representing the North, stands with one foot resting on a coil of rope, with his hands projecting into the air, one of which is held a sword, and perspiration runs freely from his forehead and arms, the sleeves of which are turned up to the elbows. The Southern sailor stands in an erect position, clutching a dagger in his right hand and a cannon rammer in his left, while about his feet are cannon and balls. Down at the base on each of the four sides of the monument are inscriptions and famous phrases spoken in war by Washington, Grant, Lincoln, and Garfield. The whole is a magnificent piece of workmanship, and the city feels justly proud of it. It cost a round \$15,000. Secretary Tracy, of the Navy, has ordered the "Yantic," now anchored off 28th St., East River, to proceed to Yonkers on September 17th, and fire minute guns while the unveiling is going on. It is expected that there will be a great turning out of the militia and sailors, and the day has been made a holiday by the Mayor of that city. Messrs. C. Q. Mann and W. Watson were seen admiring the beautiful outlines of the monument. They are looking as brown as cocoanuts, which bespeaks much of their rambles together in that city.

Saturday afternoon last, the great game of ball between the clubs representing this city and Brooklyn, attracted quite a number of mutes up this way. Among 6,000 spectators at the Polo Grounds, we noticed Messrs. Capelli, Van Seggar, Hamm, Maynard, and a couple of mutes, who the writer supposed were graduates of the 67th St. School, judging from the manner in which they gesticulated. There must have been many more present, but in such a great crowd it was not easy to detect them. The writer sat near a couple, who, during the entire game, showed their interest in the game by looking at each other and smiling, the one of the sterner sex trying to illustrate the game by motions of his hand. We suppose they were members of the silent community, who are unfamiliar with the sign-language.

On Saturday, August 1st, a large circle of the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Wilkinson of the California Institution were on board the magnificent Steamer "Aller" of the North German Lloyd line to bid the Doctor and his friends godspeed on their voyage to Europe. Among those who paid their respects to the party were Messrs. Lord, Bartlett, Johnson, Dr. I. L. Peet, Theodore Peet, Mr. Gamage and Mr. Fox of the New York Institution. If good wishes go for anything, Dr. and Mrs. Wilkinson and Miss Maud will have an enjoyable time on their voyage.

Dr. Peet seems greatly improved in health. After seeing Dr. Wilkinson off for Europe, he came back to the Institution, and had a pleasant word and smile for every body. Mr. Gamage is very uneasy in seeing his friends depart one by one for Europe and he is anxiously awaiting the day when he shall leave New York for the same port, which he says will not be long hence.

Mrs. S. L. Henry, the Institution matron, and little Johanna Zettel, arrived last Friday from Spring Valley, Va. Her vacation was very pleasantly spent, and the old Virginia climate seems to have agreed with her, for she never looked better before. Her little friend also seems to have profited by the change of air and scenery.

Miss Thistle, the housekeeper, has gone to some cool, pleasant spot on Long Island, for a month's vacation, which she deserves very much.

Our head supervisor, J. A. Prosperi, left here on Friday last, for Washington, D. C., where he stops on business and to see relatives, thence he proceeds to the woods of Virginia, where he stays for a month to recuperate and enjoy the sport and excitement furnished by those wild regions. We expect him to return on September 1st, with many a hunting and fishing story.

Tuesday morning there departed two of our shining lights, Messrs. G. S. Porter and Anthony Capelli, who left by train for Liberty, Sullivan Co., N. Y., where they expect to spend a week or so, the former to see his mother and surroundings and the latter to be his companion. There they will try their skill with the rod and gun, and as brains can accomplish any thing, we expect to receive some of their great catches by mail. George expects to make up for what he missed on the "Viola," and show the mutes of this city that he is a fisherman indeed, besides a traveller. Anthony, who can hit the bullseye with both eyes closed, says that when he leaves that country, it will not have a single animal or bird to boast of. His appearance would convince any one of his great marksmanship. They will be back in this city in time for the Empire Association's Convention on August 19th, and before returning will take in the Excursion of the Troy-Albany Societies, and wish all mutes in those cities, whose intention it is to be present at the convention, to accompany them to this city.

In Sunday's *Herald* there appeared quite an account of the Shinnecock Hills, which are located in Suffolk Co., L. I. One of the cuts representing an artist taking a landscape, bears every resemblance to our honored Miss May Martin, who has enjoyed the scenes of this picturesque place for some years past. The Honey-suckle Villa and Mt. Sugarloaf come in for a great deal of credit in the above named paper.

Messrs. C. Q. Mann and William Watson, of Yonkers, N. Y., went to City Island, on the Long Island Sound, for the purpose of feeding the fish of that locality. They caught a six pound-bass, which would have been a pretty sight for the fifteen fishermen on the "Viola" to have beheld. They say this is not the end of their fishing trips, many more having been planned, and the writer in company with supervisor W. L. Hanson, expects to accompany them on one of the trips in the near future.

Saturday afternoon we were visited by three of our recent graduates, Messrs. P. Mitchell, Ira W. Tyler, and R. R. Tweed. All of them hold steady positions in this city, and Mr. Mitchell is going to Canada for a vacation of two weeks before long. He hopes to see the Premier and Lady Campbell, and to find out something about the Queen's possessions. The other two gentlemen will spend their vacation in the city and swell their bank accounts. They, in company with Messrs. W. Coombs and Max Miller, expect to take in the excursion of the Troy-Albany Societies on the 17th of this month.

Mr. Frank Turner, Treasurer of the "Proteans," left with his parents last Friday for a prolonged stay at some resort on Long Island. It is quite a relief to know that he did not skip off to Canada.

A correspondent writes of Mr. W. G. Jones as being miles away when the drawing for the photograph ticket at the Brooklyn Society's picnic took place. He had arrived home before that time, but business prevented him from acting as manager of the drawing as advertised.

The American Canoe Association, which holds its annual meet-to-day, and continues for a week, at Lake Champlain, will furnish some excellent sport, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Currier, now residing near the place of the meeting, may be interested spectators of the races in their steam launch. The last we heard of the Professor was that he was in very good health and enjoying himself immensely at the above-named place. The writer expects to be up near that place for a week or so when school opens in the Fall.

Nightwatchman Beebe has gone away on his vacation. Mr. Gerloff being in Europe, his place is filled by supervisor Hefferman, while Clerk Basingthwaite occasionally helps the only supervisor on duty, Mr. W. Hanson.

We learn that Miss Ida Montgomery is enjoying herself very much at her cottage at Nantucket, Mass. She has with her Miss Bessie Peet, daughter of our Principal, also Blanche Young, one of our pupils, who acts as maid of all work.

Quite a number of pupils and graduates of this Institution, now remaining at home and living in this city, assembled at the grounds set aside for Croquet in Central Park last week for the purpose of indulging in that timely sport. We learn that a Croquet Club has been formed among them with a full staff of officers, and that meetings are held on every alternate Saturday. The next meeting will take place on Saturday afternoon next, the 8th inst.

One of our pupils, A. Izquierdo, came very near being killed on Saturday last. A stray bullet lodged in the brim of his straw hat and just grazed the skin of his head above the right ear. Who fired the bullet has not been ascertained up to date. A detective was up to the Institution on Sunday to learn about the case. It is hoped that the pupils' lives are not

to be endangered by pistol fiends who recklessly discharge the same.

Last Sunday Mr. James F. Britt and brother Patsy, had an outing to the Chocoma fishing banks in the boat "Angler," and enjoyed it immensely. Mr. and Mrs. Kircher were there also, and enjoyed the sport. Mr. Kircher is considered to be one of the best deaf-mute fishermen in this city and New Jersey.

HURRY SCURRY.

NOTES FROM IOWA.

We visited several places in Iowa recently. At Manchester on the beautiful Magnoketa River, we saw Miss Almira Walters, a mute lady, who is fifty-five years old. She was educated at the Columbus, Ohio School, and left in 1855. She moved to Iowa with her parents in 1856, and settled in the little town of Delhi. After the death of her parents she went to live with a married sister at Manchester. Her sister's husband was killed in the war at Memphis, Tenn. Almira was one of the pupils who saw the death of three superintendents of the Ohio school, who were Hubbell, Cary and Stone. She said Supt. Cary died from swollen legs, and that Supt. Stone was accidentally killed on the railroad. She is a large, hearty woman, and has not forgotten the sign-language yet. She says she reads the papers, and keeps up with the times, though she does not take any of the deaf-mute papers, and does not know what is going on among the silent people. Her sister took us out to see a little deaf boy, by the name of May Houser, who is eight years old. The boy is attending the kindergarten school as he can speak a little.

In the post-office at Manchester we met Mr. A. H. McGrew, who keeps the news-stand. He told us he had a mute cousin by the name of Nathan McGrew, who attended the Ohio School. He lives at Gilman, in Marshall County, Iowa.

It cost the State \$14,450 to support the deaf and dumb school at Council Bluffs last quarter.

At Independence, we visited the hospital for the insane. It is very nicely arranged and kept in good order. We were shown through both the male and the female wards through the courtesy of the superintendent and one of the assistants. Each ward is kept locked, in which are long halls with rows of chairs on both sides, and many of the patients were sitting on them, seeming in study, some were muttering to themselves, and one man shook his fist at us, while an old lady followed us all along the hall, and stared at us. The bed-rooms, dining-room, and all other rooms are well-furnished and neat. The chapel is one of interest. It is nicely fitted up all around with a good stage where lectures are given and it is also arranged for a theatre, for theatricals to amuse the patients. We also saw the reading-room, sewing-room, and billiard tables, the bakery, wash-house, all of which are well arranged for their purposes. Outside we saw the farmer's lodge, which can accommodate one hundred patients, and the Grove Hall, and the carpenter shop, electric house, etc. Some of the convalescents were out of doors amusing themselves at the time.

Between this hospital and the city is the great kite-shaped race-track. This city is called the Lexington of the Northwest, where some of the fleetest horses are raised, the most noted one being Axtell. This city is on both sides of the beautiful Wapsipinicon River connected by a strong iron bridge.

Mrs. Kahn, of Crawfordsville, Ind., sister of Mrs. Gus. Levi, is now here on a visit, and is having an enjoyable time. She will remain a few weeks before returning home. She came suddenly and surprised all.

On little Ida's birthday, she received many beautiful presents from her uncles and aunts in Indiana and others.

Miss Clara Rechow, one of the pupils in the Dubuque School for the Deaf, was out to visit Miss Linnie Hagnewood, the deaf, dumb and blind girl of Iowa, for a week, and had a pleasant time. She is now visiting her grandmother and aunt at Belleville, where she will remain for some time.

In regard to one of the great troubles in this world, Dr. Gray says: "When you look for the causes of a schism in any church, you must look back of doctrine. It will always be found in the old controversy—the wish of men to dictate to other men, and the unwillingness of other men to be dictated to."

FAUNTLEROY.

July 30, '91.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Aug. 9.—Pittsburg, 10:45 A.M., Holy Communion.

" 9.—Pittsburg, 3 P.M., Calvary Church.

" 16.—Chicago, 10:45 A.M., Holy Communion.

" 16.—Chicago, 3 P.M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

" 17.—Grand Rapids, 8 P.M.

" 22.—Monticello, Ind., Picnic.

" 23.— " " Service A.M.

" 23.— " " " P.M.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity falls on the 16th of August this year. Deaf-mutes residing within the Mid-Western Missionary District are asked to remember the work with offerings on that day and send the same to Rev. A. W. Mann, Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW YORK.

Trolling for Blue Fish.

THAT CAME NOT.

Notes from Roundabouts.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The sloop yacht "Viola," a trim twenty-four footer, hails from Old Mill Creek, Canarsie, L. I. She hauled up anchor, Saturday, 25th, at about 12 P.M., having on board a crew numbering all told, fifteen men, bound for the happy hunting grounds from whence blue fish are said to come—if they feel so inclined. There were on board Capt. Chas. Babcock, the sailing master, whose weather eye saw more than the twenty-eight eyes of the rest of the ship's crew. Next to him in authority was Capt. Jim Mahoney, in charge of the Night Owl Fishing Club; Jim Donnelly, of Gowanus; Dan Ward, of Newark, a heavy weight and old catfish hunter; Tom Brown, the authority on balls, fouts and strikes; Geo. S. Porter, who knows something about rattlers, hailing from Arkansas; Tom Tighe, who can inscribe a fish on marble, but knows not how to hook them; Herr Eschert, a Tontony of fishing abilities peculiar; Johnny Lloyd, Jr., a pin hook fisherman from Harlem; Henry Kinsey, who draws in his line on the least provocation, and gets so entangled he retires to think it over; T. F. Fox, who can give points on fish, but finds trouble in catching them; Johnny O'Brien, who has been there many a time; J. K. Wright, a Brooklyn journalist (?); John Lloyd, a gent with no respect for ice; Otto De Weld, promising young skipper; Fred Tredwell, a gentleman of color, who won the prize for the best catch of the day, and the only one at that; and Charley Green, who has been fishing for the past ten years, and knows the ropes as well as any mariner that ever left Jamaica Bay. He speaks and hears both ways, and is capital company too.

The "Viola" made haste to get outside the bar, so as to be ready to start for the scene of action with the break of day. She cast anchor for the night about a mile east of Barren Island, and all hands turned in hoping to get a good night's sleep. One or two of the crew succeeded. To have a chuck of ice placed inside your coat collar and seek Morpheus at the same time is not an easy matter. Break of day was welcomed, and at that time the boat was close on to Barren Island. The aroma from this resort for the manufacturing of fertilizers was not conducive to pleasant sensations. Past Barren Island, a good breeze was encountered, and the "Viola" shipped along finely. Towards five o'clock, the breeze began to subside. Headway was making for Fire Island. If the breeze freshened, the catch would be lively sport. As it did not, the intention was to gain the banks, and resort to the drop line to haul in the fish. Capt. Mahoney prepared breakfast in a masterly style. The aroma from his coffee failed to induce a good wind. It became apparent there was something the matter with the subjects the line trailing along the stern of the boat were hunting for. Trolling was no go. If the breeze was strong, everything would change for the better, as it was, the crew set to sunning themselves, and commenting upon the fine appearance of the two dozen other yachts out on the same mission. Towards noon, the distance from land was about five miles west of Far Rockaway. A dim mist hid the Jersey coast, and it was improbable, the banks could be reached unless the breeze freshened. At noon there was no change for the better. The "Viola" lay as if she were anchored, though her full sails were set. The swell of the sea was rocking her gently, but the enthusiasm of several of the party did not diminish on that score. Jim Donnelly hugged on to his line, as if his reputation depended upon it. Tom Brown had his wound around his fingers, and had a far-away look in his eyes that was extremely fetching. T. Fox was taking it easy on deck forward, with his briarwood sending forth puffs of smoke now and then. Dan Ward and Tom Tighe were wrapped in the arms of fishing reflections, as they snored in the cabin, unconscious of the black-face artists they had become, due to burnt cork application. Capt. Mahoney and Johnny O'Brien were having it out that New York was fifty to sixty miles away, while the rest of the crew were occupied watching the other yachts, and their occupants. At one o'clock, the "Viola's" bow was headed for home, and a good stiff breeze struck her sails within ten miles of Canarsie. It was too late to go back, and the way she cut along partly recompensed all hands for the poor show they had in catching anything. Two miles south of Barren Island, well on to the Rock-away shore, the cullud gentlemen hauled in a three pounder. After that, nothing else came, and later on, his fish were consigned from whence he came.

Old Mill Creek was reached a little after two, and the crew left the ship with nary a bite but in good spirits all the same, with hopes the next trip will be more profitable.

A novel and original idea has entered the heads of several German deaf-mutes in the city. It will show itself in a club about to be organized. For a name they have hit upon the peculiar title—the Heidseick Club. Still more peculiar will be the object. That is to prohibit conversation at the meetings by any other means than the sign-language. The majority of the members of the German Charity Society are said to be interested in the movement. Whether they succeed in enforcing this restriction on the vocal powers of the powers of the deaf who can "sprakle deitoh" will be a matter awaited with interest.

A two years' sojourn in Europe is just now occupying the attention of Jake Alexander. The main object will be the study of art. Family relations have something to do with the contemplated trip. If nothing happens, he will leave these shores some time during the coming fall.

George Lindemann writes from Germany that he is enjoying himself, and would have all his deaf-mute friends know of that fact. The voyage across the Atlantic, he says, did him a heap of good. He feels greatly benefitted in health. When he will return, is a matter not yet decided. He thinks too much of America, however, to keep him on the other side for love or money.

At the last meeting of the Board of Managers of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U., complaint was lodged against the Adelphi Literary Union of deaf-mutes for permitting interference in the duties of the official handicapper at the Union's recent games, June 26th. The Board was informed by letter that in the handicapping of a half dozen late entries by an outside party, no infringement of the official handicapper's authority was intended. The decision of the Board was to censure the Adelphi Union by private letter. As the Union desires to retain its privilege of registration in the A. A. U., it is probable they will take strict care to prevent such a thing happening again.

A sneak thief paid his regards to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tighe, on Wednesday last week. Mr. Tighe was at his place of business, and Mrs. Tighe had left everything secure, as she believed, until she returned from a brief call on relatives down town. The thief must have been frightened in his preparations to depart with everything he took a liking to. He left a bundle of Mrs. Tighe's dresses on the sofa, and the chairs and table in the parlor were strewn with other articles of value. He got away unobserved, with a clothes basket belonging to his victims, filled with Mr. Tighe's two best suits of clothes, his beaver overcoat, a handsome toilet case and several other articles of value. Mr. Tighe sums up his loss at \$100. The police have been working on the case, but with poor results thus far. If Tom Tighe can lay hands on his unwelcome visitor, he will make him wish he was in Chicago, or some place equally as distant. Valuable papers having connection with the Pas-a-Pas Club were among the articles stolen. The thief gained access to the Tighe apartments through the dumb waiter from an unoccupied flat next door.

With such fellows as Myron Palmer, Matthew Kendricks, Collins, Mull and Connors at the helm in attending to affairs, the Albany-Troy Excursion should turn out a boomer for deaf-mute interests up the Hudson. The excursion offers a splendid opportunity to enjoy a two days' vacation with only the loss of one day's work. The Albany boat leaves New York Saturday P.M. Sunday could be passed seeing the sights at the Capital city. Monday, the excursion, and home reached early Tuesday morning. Nothing better for those whose business will allow but a day's absence.

The home of the king of umpires, and him whose gift of vocabulary is known from the Battery to Harlem, has been honored by a visit from Miss McDonnell, of Dubuque, Ia., a sister of Miss E. McDonnell, of that city. Tom expects to take in the convention, and will be ready to give points on matters relating to the national game.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

KANSAS NOTES.

Henry A. Dougherty is a country boy in La Cygne, Kan. Ike Croxton's father has gone to Nebraska on business.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Laughlin and child will leave La Cygne next week. Mr. Laughlin will visit his relatives and friends in Illinois. Mrs. Laughlin and child will visit their parents in Kansas.

Mr. B. O. Sprague resigned his position as teacher in the Olathe Institution last June. He has taught there for five years.

Mr. W. W. Mundell has resigned his position as foreman of the printing office last month. Mr. Folsom will take his place next fall.

Four teachers and one foreman have resigned from the Olathe Institution. These persons are: Mrs. Thompson, Miss Owen, Mr. Watson, Mr. B. O. Sprague, and Mr. Mundell.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fleharty, of La Cygne, Kan., were blessed with a 7½ pound baby-boy, on July 21st. His full name is Charles Mark Fleharty.

Edward Funk's brother Henry went to Leavenworth from Kansas City. He is a cigarmaker.

Fred Becker is farming for his father this summer in Topeka, Kan. Browns Eyes.

COLUMBUS.

Churches for the Deaf.

A FORCED VACATION.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

Rev. A. W. Mann has favored us with a copy of his fifteenth annual report of church work among the deaf. His work was in the mid-western diocese and embraces the period from July, 1st, 1889, to July 1st, 1890. The report set out with a history of Rev. Mann's work, which was begun in 1875, and his district extends from Pittsburg on the east to Fond du Lac, Wis., on the west, a very large territory for one gentleman to go over and preach the word of God to the deaf.

Churches, like St. Ann's Church in New York, should, in the opinion of Mr. Mann, be established in such cities as Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago and others, having a population of over 200,000. In such places, the deaf are of sufficient numbers to warrant the building of a church expressly for their worship.

For one, we trust such a thing will be an accomplished fact at no distant day. There are certainly enough deaf-mutes in each of the cities of Cincinnati and Cleveland to form a congregation of their own; the same may be said of St. Louis and Chicago.

During the fifteen years in which Rev. Mann has conducted his work he has held 2,240 services, baptized 551 persons, and married 55 couples. The present number of communicants is 432.

We hope the reverend gentleman may be spared many more years to carry on his good work among the deaf, for surely he has thus far justly won the encomium: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Through some one's fault, the binding of the laws of Ohio for 1891 is greatly retarded. Generally about this time of year, the book is receiving the finishing touches of the binder. The index for the volume of 1891 is not ready yet for the printer, and August 1st will be here before the last sheets of the book will have reached the bindery. On this account, and owing to a dullness of work, some of the force has been dismissed for a while, or allowed to take a week's vacation.

Miss Mary Moore has gone to her home near Tangleton, while Miss Mary Fowles is at Bellefontaine for a week or so visiting friends.

Miss Ida Jones and Miss Mary Willing are passing their respite from bindery work over at Plain City, at the latter's home.

Misses C. Kuhner and Ella McPeak went up to Delaware, Saturday, to call on Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Anthoni. They returned Monday, and reported having had a pleasant visit.

The Cleveland deaf are holding a picnic to-day. Among the Columbus people in attendance are Miss Mary Dundon and Mr. Ira Crandon. They left for the "Forest City" yesterday. Mr. Crandon is having his ten-days' vacation, and after the picnic, will probably visit Akron and other points in the north-eastern part of the state.

Mrs. Charley Kerney, of Indiana, who has been visiting relatives in Columbus for a week or so, returned to her home the middle of the week. It was our intention to call on her, but we were unexpectedly invited out into the country last Sunday, and did not return till the morning. Sorry we had not the pleasure of meeting her.

If this letter partakes of the odor of blackberries, the JOURNAL readers must attribute it to the fact that the writer thereof is just back from a week's pick among the fruit.

Not having any thing particular to do, we accepted an invitation of a friend, Mr. Geo. B. Courtright, to accompany him to his home, about twenty miles from Columbus. He is the owner of quite a patch, and the berries were as thick as flies in summer around molasses, candy. The fruit is large and of an excellent quality. During the five days we were out there, we didn't do anything else but pick berries, averaging from five to eight gallons a day. Out in the country, hucksters pay three and half cents a basket, or four cents a quart for the fruit, and sell it at two baskets for fifteen cents to consumers in Columbus. As a result of our stay, our hands and fingers look as if we had had a regular set-to with a tom cat.

Superintendent Knott feels a little more dignified since the 21st ult. A daughter was added to his family on that date.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of the Colorado Institution, arrived in Columbus during the week, and are stopping with relatives for a few days. They leave next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barton are rejoicing over the recent arrival of a bouncing boy baby to gladden their home.

A surprise party was tendered Miss Nellie Jones, Thursday evening, and a very pleasant time had. Among those who formed the party were Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, Miss Tacey Hall, Miss Emma Ek, Miss Nora Patterson, Miss Carrie Kuhner, Miss Ella McPeak, Miss Bell McRed-

mond, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Halse, Elmer Elsey and William Rose.

The following party left on an excursion to Detroit this morning: Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, Miss Tacey Hall, and Miss Nettie Jones. They will, no doubt, be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Perry. All will return Monday, except Mr. Atwood, who will spend a week in the Badger State" visiting. August 1, '91.

Vacation in South-western Colorado.

R. S. Painter, a plucky ranchman in the extreme south-west of Colorado, is now enjoying the company of two college boys, whom he invited to spend the summer on his ranch. The visitors are connected with the Kansas School for the Deaf as teachers. One of them, E. C. Harrah, was a college classmate of Painter, and the other, D. S. Rogers, attended college a long time before them.

Eight miles from the ranch is another college boy by the name of C. R. Neillie. He is connected with a mine as an ore sorter. Often when he gets off from his job he goes up to the ranch, and then there under one roof is a quartet of college boys discussing topics of all sorts. Though the ranch is at an altitude of nearly nine thousand feet above the sea level, and the air is rarified and cold and the scenery is wild, the collegians are not lonesome. They run over the dozen or more different magazines and papers which Mr. Painter subscribed for during the dreary and dull hours of winter. Besides these papers he has a valuable library.

Strange, is it not, that four deaf collegians are under the same roof, in a State which most probably at present has no other one who was ever connected with the college. G. W. Veditz is the only one of the State whom the writer is acquainted with, but he is spending his vacation in the East.

The scenery around here, right in the centre of the Rockies, is by far grander and wilder than that of the Alleghenies. In full view from the ranch house stands snow-capped Mt. Wilson, which is just double the height of the highest peak of the Appalachian System. It is higher than Pike's Peak by about two hundred feet. Pike's Peak is in fact better known to Easterners, because it is the highest peak first seen on approaching the Rockies in Colorado. Travelers, when a hundred miles or more away from it can see its snowy top over the plains. Now, Mt. Wilson, a harder peak to climb than Pike's, seems to be only a little higher than at least half a dozen snowy and solitary peaks around the ranch. The ranch is walled in by surrounding high, steep and rocky mountains. The clouds at times hide the mountains and fill the valleys below the ranch house. This is a great mining district, and hundreds of burros, or what Easterners call donkeys, are used in carrying tons after tons of ore from the mines, far up in the mountains. They are likewise used in taking almost everything needed, from sacks of flour to lumber and steam engines, up the steep and lofty mountains on their backs. Owing to the steep ascent of the mountains, vehicles can only be used in climbing them at few places. The burros, when loaded, are driven up the mountain trails or paths like droves of cattle.

In the streams and lakes there are plenty of fresh and fine mountain trout. Only trout are found there. At this great elevation, greater than that of any mountain top of the Alleghenies, it is too cold for other species of fish to live. Plenty of deer and bears and some other wild animals roam about the mountains. The college boys mentioned above, often go hunting and fishing, and climbing the mountains and rambling over the hills and through the rough valleys. At gunning they have not been very successful thus far. They have so many other enjoyments that they don't mind much about killing any game. At fishing they have had considerable luck. One day before Mr. Rogers came here, Mr. Painter, his brother-in-law, and Mr. Harrah, drove up to Trout Lake, a noted fishing place at a distance of fifteen miles from the ranch, and during their stay there of a day and a half, caught sixty fine trout from eight to fifteen inches long. Mr. Painter caught five, Mr. Harrah seven, and the other fellow, a skillful fisherman, caught the rest.

At another time, after Mr. Rogers came, the party of three set out on another fishing expedition, but during the whole day each caught only one fish. The bad luck was owing to the muddiness of the creek, caused by placer-mining. They, however, enjoyed themselves enough by viewing the wild and wonderful scenery. In the afternoon, after taking lunch, consisting of biscuits, milk and venison, they started for home and reached their destination later in the night by moonlight.

At hunting, Mr. Neillie has killed a couple of prairie chickens, but he has not yet got any wild animals. One day he brought with him what he discovered in the woods and called a panther's paw, but it was a rabbit's paw, as the old timers said. Two weeks ago, Mr. Painter's neighbor shot two deer and gave him a quarter of one. Mr. Rogers thinks it was the first time he ever tasted venison.

Thus far, C. R. Neillie is the champion fisherman of the four collegians. He has caught twenty-nine trout, Mr. Harrah eight, Mr. Painter six, and Mr. Rogers one. Mr. Paint-

er has only caught six trout during his stay of over ten years in Colorado. TOURIST.

ONTARIO INSTITUTION.

SUMMER RENOVATIONS—AN EMERALD MANTLE—PERSONAL MENTION.

Reports from the convention, commencements, excursions, etc., which inaugurates the summer holidays have filled the columns of the JOURNAL since school closed in June. There being little news of interest to report from this section, and everybody interest in taking a rest, we have not occupied the accustomed space for sometime. It demands quite an effort to undertake this, with the thermometer registering eighty degrees in the shade.

At the institution the usual repairs, alterations, improvements and renovations are in progress. The carpenters, plasterers and painters will have possession of the rooms and halls until late in August, and then the muscular domestics will make a vigorous attack on the dust and dirt with broom and mop. When the children return to the familiar haunts in September, the only traces of this Summer's campaign will be found in the improved condition of things generally.

Since the protracted drought of early summer came to an end, we have been blessed with frequent and copious showers, and as a consequence the spacious grounds about the institution are clothed in an emerald mantle of a brightness and beauty unusual for this season of the year. The trees, shrubs and flowers also show a vigorous life under the influence of the two chief elements of vegetation—sunshine and moisture.

Superintendent Mathison is now in Ottawa witnessing the exciting political events that daily transpire in the proceedings in the House of Commons. This is the first absence from his office since school closed. As an old editor and politician of former days, he could not resist the temptation to be a silent spectator from the visitor's gallery, of scenes and events that presage an early change in the administration of public affairs. At present he is neutral, so far as open participation in party matters is concerned, but like the majority of Canadian voters, he takes a deep interest in recent developments at Ottawa, and the trend of public opinion generally. We are evidently on the eve of a political revolution of considerable magnitude.

Miss Ostrom, who had been in poor health for several months, took the advice of her physician, and went to the St. Leon Mineral Springs near Montreal for part of her vacation. Miss Templeton, prompted by friendship and duty, accompanied her life-long companion to the famous resort. We expect to see both return much benefitted by their experience.

Miss Mathison, accompanied by her mother, attended the Lake George convention, and both were much pleased with what they saw and heard. In addition to the interest attached to the proceedings of the convention, there was much to delight a visitor to that well-known and popular summer resort. Miss Mathison teaches the articulation class in this institution, and will, no doubt, find fresh inspiration in the work and words of such eminent authorities on the teaching of speech to the deaf.

Mr. Nurse lately left with his wife and child for a few weeks' visit with friends at Toronto and elsewhere.

Mr. Smith, the genial Secretary, has also been renewing old acquaintances in the western parts of that province. When he returns, Mr. Douglas, the faithful supervisor, will tie himself to the provincial metropolis and further west in search of pleasure and profit. He has earned a protracted vacation, and will enjoy his freedom from duty.

Mr. Denys is happy among friends down towards the blue waters of the gulf of St. Lawrence. Mr. Beaton is somewhere between Belleville and Stratford, doing his best to recuperate body and mind. Both are expected to have big stories to tell when school opens about their exploits in social affairs, as both are gallant bachelors with hosts of lady friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Balis pulled down the blinds at their cosy home, on Commercial Street, in July, and started for Milwaukee and other places in the western states. They have lived nine months with us, and we are willing to entrust the reputation of our Institution, city, and people to their keeping while they are with former associates under another flag. They both express themselves much pleased with their experience here as teachers and residents.

There are several of the teachers and officers whose present whereabouts we are unable to locate, but we do know that Messrs. Coleman and Ashley are here at their homes, where they have been since school closed, and where they expect to remain until they resume their duties in the schoolroom next September. With them, Payne's immortal song has some significance. Perhaps this is the quite as much the result of necessity as of sentiment.

Miss Edith Terrill, of the McKay Institution, is spending the summer vacation here with her mother.

Mr. C. R. Watson, lately of the Kansas Institution, has been visiting former schoolmates in Belleville. He was the guest of his aunt, E. Terrill.

What has become of Mr. Wade, a deaf-mute of Boston, who used to be a brilliant lecturer?—Cor.

PHILADELPHIA.

Apollo Club's Excursion.

NOT SO LARGE AS LAST YEAR.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

As "Old Probs" loomed up so bright on the morning of Monday, July 27th, the special train of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, on which the Second Annual Excursion of the Apollo Deaf-Mute Workingmen's Club was carried, left the depot at 24th and Chestnut Streets at 10 A.M. and stopped at Chester, Pa., where eleven deaf-mutes of both sexes, among whom were champion wrestler, Albert Kidd, and John Tarry, captain of the Mutual baseball club, entered the train. It also stopped at Wilmington, Del., where about seven mutes joined the excursion, and within half an hour we arrived at the picnic grounds of Brandywine Springs. Over one hundred and twenty-five excursionists, including the jolly fellow members of the Mutual Baseball Club, went on the excursion. Finding that there was no place in Pennsylvania or Delaware more suitable for picnics and excursion parties than the large and most beautiful and historic Brandywine Springs, and it affords every proper amusement desired, such as swings, shooting ranges, carousels, boating, toboggan slide, baseball, croquet, lawn tennis, etc., and beside these there were several new and beautiful buildings, such as a pavilion which can hold over 2,500 people in case of a storm, a dining room, refreshment house, confectionery, etc.

Added to the excursionists, Messrs. Hyde Brothers, one of whom belonged to the class of '88, at the National Deaf-Mute College, arrived from Hockens, Del., and several others from Wilmington and suburbs within an hour afterwards. After having taken "rustic" dinners, the Committee on Games, consisting of Messrs. W. F. Durian and Abe Jaggard, called the people to come over and witness some amusing games. So they marched to the baseball field. Misses Katie Kueny, Jeffries and Tarry, after having tried two heats, ran in the final of the 50 yards race. Miss Kueny, who won the silver cup in the same race at Apollo Club's picnic, at Oakland Park, last year, again won the race and got a nice prize of a glass, pitcher and six tumblers. After that, Albert Kidd, the champion wrestler, won the 75 yards run over Messrs. Ormrod, McGahan and Stiles, and is to be presented with a walking cane before long.

The Mutual B. B. C. felt very sore with disappointment because the Baltimore mutes, who promised to come and play a baseball match with them for a silk flag offered by the Apollo Club, did not come.

In place of the Baltimoreans, a picked nine captained by Mr. W. A. Miles, Sergeant-at-Arms of All Souls' Club, trying to tickle and cure the sore wound of the Mutuals, played a good game against them, but they were easily defeated by the Mutuals by a score of 16 to 8.

The Apollo Club and its friends were anxious to welcome the Baltimoreans, but to their disappointment, they did not find their generous faces on the grounds all the day.

About one hour before the train took the merry party home, everyone who had enjoyed himself or herself, became tired and quenched their hunger and thirst by partaking of supper. After that the tired and sleepy eyes of the excursionists were awakened by a display of fireworks given by the Mutuals and Mr. Bach, one of the Committee of the excursion, in honor of the Apollo Club and the Mutuals, until the whistle of the train coming towards Brandywine Springs called the weary merrymakers away. After the party got in the cars they continued to be in lively spirits. Some of them got off at Wilmington, Del., and Chester, Pa. The train arrived home at nearly 8 o'clock, and the party went in every direction for their homes.

Every one was glad to meet the kind and pleasant faces of ex-Steward David G. Stevenson and Mrs. W. A. Paullin, and Mrs. Wm. Stevenson, whose ages reach the 70th and 80th year respectively. Some of the members of the Apollo Club brought their babies along with them, and the club's "Little King" was seen among them. It caused much disappointment and regret to the Apollo Club and its patrons, that its excursion was smaller than its first one, through spite of its enemies, but we are satisfied that the club has gained a good round sum of profits after losing a little money. Hope such a mean trick will not happen next summer.

No New Yorkers attended either excursion given by the All Souls' or Apollo Clubs, while Philadelphiaans have witnessed the success of New York clubs this summer.

Miss Agnes Craig, a beautiful and modest, yet charming graduate of the New York Institution, is now living in this city. She has found old friends and classmates in Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Durian, who live rather near her house. Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Durian, she paid a visit to the Apollo Deaf-Mute Workingmen's Club. She was shown through the club's rooms, and said that great credit was due the club for the taste

displayed in decorating the rooms. She felt perfectly at home and had a good time conversing with the members, until time necessitated her returning home.

Mr. W. F. Durian, living at 1819 Conroy Street, near 13th and Moore Streets, would be glad to see Mr. A. Capelli, if he ever stops in town.

Mr. Spencer M. Hannold, Treasurer of Apollo Club, having not been entirely satisfied with his visit somewhere in or near Trenton, N. J., in the first part of last month, went on another flying visit to his lady there last Friday afternoon, and staid there until last night.

Mr. Henry Blankensee, of Apollo Club, went on two weeks' vacation to New York City yesterday morning, and to-day to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and then to visit Niagara Falls. He will go with Mr. P. Huster to spend a week in Atlantic City next Saturday.

Messrs. Thos. Delp and Fred Buch went to Atlantic City to-day, for one or two weeks respectively.

Apollo Club itself and some of its members, intend to purchase several lots in Pomona, N. J., in a few days, for what purpose is only known to the club and no body else.

The said club is busily making arrangements for dramatic and literary entertainments and lectures for the coming cold season, which, no doubt, will please its deaf friends to the full extent of pleasure.

The club is indebted to one of its warmest friends for presenting two \$12 filter and ice coolers, and two sets of *Puck* and *Judge* and several books and magazines to the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shepherd removed to a nice five-roomed house in Trainers, Pa., last Thursday. Mr. Shepherd, who used to work in Thos. Dolan & Co.'s Woolen Mills has secured a good position there. They have our best wishes.

Miss Katie Shieck, formerly of Fanwood School, spent a few days' visit in Wilmington, Del., last week. Mr. and Mrs. Park, of Bradford, Pa., paid a visit to your correspondent and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Durian last week. They then went on a visit to Williamsport, Pa.

Messrs. W. G. Pownall, W. Houston, H. S. Stevenson and C. B. Stillwell paid a flying visit to Mr. and Mrs. F. Zell, in Manayunk, last Sunday, where they passed the time pleasantly.

A special meeting of All Souls' Club will be held to-morrow to consider the advisability of organizing a World's Fair Saving club. Mr. Allabough will explain the workings of the Pittsburgh saving club.

Last Saturday, a week ago, Dora, daughter of Rev. J. M. Koehler, had a narrow escape from being bitten by a mad dog. The dog attacked her, and tore off her dress, but a servant threw water on the dog and the girl managed to get in the house. The dog fell into a fit and died.

Francis W. Nubner, who spent several days here, returned to New York last week.

Mr. B. R. Allabough entertained All Souls' Club with an interesting lecture on Plutarch and his works last Thursday evening a week ago.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain expects to officiate at the Holy Communion Service at All Souls' Church, next Sunday morning.

Messrs. Fabunstock and McDermott, both deaf-mutes, made the Wenonah Base-Ball Club successful ever since they joined the club.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., Aug. 3, '91.

PHILADELPHIA.

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PHILADELPHIA.

APOLLO CLUB'S OUTING.

The Apollo Deaf-Mutes Workingmen's Club had a delightful outing, on the 27th of last month, to Brandywine Springs, Del., "with their wives and sweethearts, brothers and sisters, cousins and aunts" not to mention friends. The weather was perfect, and the committee, Messrs. Lipsett, Huster, Blankensee and Busch, wore a broad smile as deaf-mute after deaf-mute filled the waiting seats in the Baltimore & Ohio depot and stood around the doors. Of course, we could not count hundreds there, but there were just enough to make the affair a success, and Treasurer Huster felt happy, as he hustled around trying to get bills for a pocket full of change.

The Brandywine Springs are pleasantly situated in the State of Delaware some miles east of Baltimore. It took two hours by rail to reach there, but time on the cars passed pleasantly, and all were pleased with the grounds. Dinner was the first thing taken of, for which abundance of table room and seats was provided under wide-spreading trees. So we did not have to spread our linen on the grass for the ants to crawl over and get into our best jelly cake, or a periwig crawl up our back to the mortification of our best young man and our complexion.

After dinner, we explored our retreat. We found the merry-go-round man was there, ditto shooting gallery, ditto toboggan slide, ditto photographer, and ditto boating and dancing.

Every one amused himself or herself at one or another, and the nickles clinked merrily in the aforesaid dittos pockets. The committee did everything to make the day pass pleasantly. Only one disappointment happened. The "Mutual" deaf-mute baseball club of Philadelphia were to have played a game with a mute club from Baltimore, but the latter did not show up, so forfeited the game to the "Phillies."

W. E. Durian got up a few races, at which President Lipsett umpired. Most of them the "Kidd" won. Mr. Durian has probably written you the result of the races, and the time taken. One fine girl won the ladies' race, and was presented with a full set of glassware for the table. Almost every prominent deaf-mute from Philadelphia, Chester and Wilmington, Del., was there.

Mrs. W. E. Durian had the misfortune to slip from the merry-go-round, but was not seriously hurt, and with her two babies, enjoyed the pure air very much, as she has been cooped up lately with the little darlings sick of scarlet fever.

Mrs. Washington Houston and pretty eyed daughter were there. Mrs. Houston made a wry face whenever the iron spring was mentioned.

Mrs. Conroy and Miss Goddard took a boat ride with Treasurer Huster.

Big hearted Henry Blankensee took a boat with two pretty young misses. The cranky thing became unmanageable, so he got another and reported a sun-burned blister on his hand and a sneaker bites on his neck. Messrs. Bacharach and Jaggard took Mrs. Belknap and your correspondent in a third boat and rowed along the shore collecting blackberries, which tasted far sweeter than any city market can sell.

Charlie Lewis looked "a daisy" in his baseball "togs."

Mr. and Mrs. Farrell had their pictures taken in a group, and invited a few of their friends to their home after the excursion.

Mr. and Mrs. Higgins were there with their grandson. At the rate Mrs. Higgins jumps about, she is a young grandma.

Messrs. Donnelly and Hahn were a very quiet couple of courtly gentlemen who saw to the welfare of the ladies, when they needed one of the opposite sex to assist them.

Mr. W. G. Pownall, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., was among those who passed a pleasant time.

"The Kidd" should learn not to crush all the bones in a fellow's hand when he shakes. He is a fine specimen of the athlete, and we are proud of him.

Miss Shieck boarded the train at Wilmington in company of her aunt, and laughed the entire day away. Rumor hath it she is to be married in the fall.

Dear Old Mrs. Paulin was there, and although her step is slow as becomes her age, she is still quite as lively and amused herself as well as the youngest of them.

The Mutual Baseball Club makes up a handsome set of young men. They amused the excursionists just before leaving the Springs by a brilliant display of fireworks, which awoke the echoes for miles around, even if I am deaf that says so.

Mr. Miles was particularly congratulated upon the success of an enormous Roman candle named after him and sent up out of sight.

A rosy-cheeked Scotch laddie was there. We have forgotten his name, but want him remembered on account of our mutual love for oatmeal.

S. M. Hannold could not get off from work, but met the tired but happy crowd at the depot upon its return, and went with yours truly to Mrs. Farrell's, where the "boodle" was turned over to him, he being the real treasurer of the club. We don't know how much was netted, but we hope no hole will be made in the funds.

Mr. Mooney was also kept from going. He was on the committee

and gave his badge to young Busch, who proved to possess an old head on young shoulders, but we are sorry "grandpa" was not there.

PORTIA.

FROM REV. JOB TURNER.

VICKSBURG, MISS., July 20, 1891.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I have seated myself this evening to write you some news, which may be interesting to you.

I am now on my way back to Old Virginia after an absence of a little over a month.

This forenoon I baptized a son of Mr. and Mrs. Billet, both, deaf-mutes according to the rite of the Episcopal Church. The child is eight months old.

As I am now writing this, Messrs. Ries and Agnew are seated before me. I am enjoying their company.

Mr. Ries is held in great esteem by every body in this city, as he has resided here many years. He, some months ago, went to St. Louis to work for a livelihood, but he has come back to live at the request of his relatives and friends. He attended the Mississippi School for three years, and the Michigan for four years.

Mr. Agnew is visiting friends in this place, and is an engineer, fireman and sawyer. He was in the class with Mr. Ries at Jackson, Miss. I should have said that Messrs. Ries and Agnew were present at the baptism.

This morning I called on Miss Rosa C. Thomas and found her looking the same as before. Her mother has moved back to her old place to live. She said that she had been a subscriber to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for about four years, and that she felt interested to know what is going on in the deaf-mute world. It seems to me that she could not do without the deaf-mute paper.

Mr. Billet alluded to carries on his milk business, that is, he has four cows, milks them with his own hands, and sells the milk to his regular customers who respects him for his honesty. He does not adulterate his milk at all, on which account he sells his milk very fast. His wife is a mute. I baptized her at Jackson, Miss., several years ago.

Mr. Ries, last week, received a letter from Mr. Saunders, of Jackson, Miss., in which he said that Mr. Rogers had resigned his place as foreman of the Mississippi colored school, which he had held for about eight years, with the intention of working on a farm. He has a deaf-mute wife and three speaking children, one son and two daughters.

The letter spoken of informs us that Mr. Kearney had spent about one month at Cooper's Wells for the benefit of his health, but that he has left for Birmingham, Ala., to visit his sister for a little time, and then his mother in New Orleans for the balance of his vacation, which will be over September 14th.

I regret to learn that Mr. L. L. Matthews, former editor of the *Deaf-Mute Voice* published at Jackson, Miss., was painting a passenger car at the workshops of the Vicksburg Railroad at Meridian, Miss., when another passenger car came in collision with him and pushed him off, injuring him very badly. He is now doing well. I am told that he was the first deaf-mute who was run over by a railroad train in the State of Mississippi.

Last Sunday, the 26th inst., I held a service in the Ames Chapel, which was attended by about thirty mutes, with whom I took great pleasure in conversing after the service.

During my stay in that fine city, I had a very delightful home allotted me by a lady committee on the temporal and spiritual welfare of deaf-mutes, etc. The committee was, last year, formed by the members of St. Paul's Church, in which I preach to deaf-mutes. They have passed a by-law requiring the committee to secure accommodations for me before my arrival, and to inform deaf-mute residents of the time of my services by postal cards, to save me trouble. I am required to announce to the committee my intention to hold services about one month beforehand. It is a very wise plan. It works well to my satisfaction.

On my way from New Orleans to Virginia, I yesterday stopped over at Baton Rouge merely to attend to my private business, which detained me half an hour. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin treated me as if I was their homefolk. She was kind to me by sending my things. She is a very kind-hearted friend to me. She passes for a speaking lady.

This morning I was shocked to hear of the explosion of a boiler, which occurred here yesterday morning, (about breakfast hour.) After its explosion, the boiler took its flight and mounted to a height of about two hundred feet, and then fell down, passing through the roof of a private dwelling house, and then through the second story, reaching the floor of first story, while a family was at breakfast. The breakfast table was demolished, but the family escaped unhurt. The engineer and fireman were mortally wounded. I saw the spot, where the explosion took place, and also the room where the boiler reached the floor.

I leave to-night for the north.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., July 29, 1891.

I never come here from any place without thinking about the celebrated battles which were fought around this place during the Civil War.

On my return from New Orleans, I arrived here this morning, and am stopping to see more of this place, which bids fair to become the New York of the South. I leave for the East this evening.

This afternoon, my deaf-mute friend, Mr. Louis A. Hyder, a graduate of the Tennessee School, kindly took me up to the top of Lookout Mountain. We ascended the mountain in an electric car, which carried us to the top without any difficulty. We alighted before the Lookout Mountain Inn, which commands a fine view of the surrounding country. We rested at this place and took in the beautiful landscape. A gentleman told me that eight different States could be seen from the Inn.

The battles are over, but the traces of the cruel conflicts still remain. The visitor cannot fail to be reminded of the boys in blue and gray, who fought for liberty.

There is a Museum on the mountain in which is preserved an elegant collection of war relics, gathered from well-known battlefields in the South. There are also four large hotels on the mountain, which are always full of summer boarders. Gen Grant's old headquarters are in plain view from the porch of the Inn. If I were to describe this place more fully, it would take many more pages. My friend showed me everything that he thought worth seeing.

There are several mutes in this city, among whom are Mr. Hyder and Mrs. Tucker.

I had almost forgotten to say that while we were on the mountain we saw the clouds below. We descended the incline in five minutes.

GLADE SPRING, VA., Aug. 1, 1891.

I am now in this fine mountain resort to visit Mrs. Louis A. Houghton, whose husband is one of the teachers in the Tenn. School, and Editor of the *Silent Observer*, pretty well known by the deaf-mute world.

Mr. Houghton is absent at Knoxville, Tenn., attending to his business. He is daily expected here, as he has been away a month. This place is resorted to by invalids and pleasure-seekers during the summer.

Opposite to this house is the Thompson House, where one of the table waiters is a deaf and dumb colored man. He finds no difficulty in understanding the desire of the hotel boarders quickly, as if he could hear and speak. Mrs. Thompson pays him more than the others on that account.

I have just called another case to mind. Some time ago, I met at Grand Junction, Tenn., a deaf-mute waiter at a hotel, who passed for a speaking man.

Before the breaking out of the Civil War, many masters had more confidence in their deaf-mute servants than their speaking ones, because they were more active and faithful.

The fields around this place are fine with droves of fat cattle for market. The Norfolk and Western railroad passes through this place, plying between Norfolk and Bristol with several branches, one of which will, when completed, reach Columbus, Ohio.

About six miles from this place is Saltville, celebrated for the manufacture of fine salt, which is largely sent away. There is a deaf-mute girl there. I am told that her parents are unwilling to send her to school. I once had a pupil from Saltville for several months, but now she is gone.

I arrived here yesterday, and start back east to-morrow night.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3, 1891.

Ill-fitting or unbecoming clothes are as much of a trial to a boy as to a man, and the boy deserves to be considered in the selection of his clothes.

While we keep as fine clothing for boys as money will buy, we also keep much that is inexpensive; none, however, that is not dependable in quality and correct in cut and fit.

Special shapes for very stout and very slim lads.

Besides Kilt and Knickerbocker Suits, Spring Overcoats and Reefers, we sell Boys' Hats, Shoes, and Furnishings at all three stores.

A. L. Thomas, a deaf-mute salesman, will be glad to show you our stock at the Prince Street store when you can conveniently call to look at clothing, hats or shoes.

Free deliveries to all points within one hundred miles of New York City.

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FOURTEENTH CONVENTION,

—AT—

LYRIC HALL,

SIXTH AVENUE BETWEEN 41ST AND 42D STS.,

NEW YORK CITY.

[On Tuesday evening, August 18th, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain will hold special services for the delegates to the Convention and their friends at St. Ann's Church. All are welcome.]

PROGRAMME.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 9:30 A.M.

Prayer.

Address of the President, Prof. Thomas F. Fox.

Reports of Officers.

Reports of Standing Committees.

Reports of Special Committees.

Communications.

Appointment of Committees.

Recess.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 2 O'CLOCK.

"Independence in the Country," by Prof. Jonathan H. Eddy, Rome, N. Y.

Discussion.

Paper by Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, New York.

Discussion.

Miscellaneous Business.

Announcements.

Recess.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 7:30.

Reports of Committees.

Election of Officers.

Unfinished Business.

Adjournment.

In case the hour permits, the adjournment will be followed by a social reunion of the members and their friends.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20.

The members will have the morning for visiting places of interest in this city and vicinity.

Commencing at 3 o'clock, an afternoon and evening picnic will be given under the auspices of the Association at the Commodore Hotel, 160th Street and Amsterdam Ave. Dancing will begin at 8 o'clock.

The Park may be reached by any of the Elevated roads to 125th Street, and thence by the Cable cars which pass the gate. The price of admission will be 25 cents for each person. The part offers special advantages for a pleasant time, possessing bowling alleys, rifle range, swings, carousels, and a fine view of the most historic part of Manhattan Island.

HOTEL RATES.

The hotels herein named are in the immediate vicinity of Lyric Hall, and located in one of the most attractive parts of the city.

They are all on the European Plan—that is, the guests pay only for rooms, and take their meals wherever they choose.

The Hotel of the Association will be at the Oriental Hotel, Broadway and 39th Street.

Hotel Royal, 40th Street and 6th Avenue.

Rooms, One Dollar per day.

Gedney House, Broadway and 40th Street.—Rooms, One Dollar per day, where two occupy one bed, 75 Cents each.

Oriental Hotel (Headquarters of the Association), Broadway, N. E. cor. 39th Street, opposite Casino and Metropolitan Opera House.—Rooms, One Dollar per day each person.

RAILROAD RATES.

Arrangements have been made with the Trunk Line Passenger Committee, whereby persons going to the Convention from stations on railroads named below will pay full fare in going, and get from the agent, when buying the ticket, a certificate filled in on one side. This certificate will be signed by the Secretary at the Convention, and will entitle the holder to a return ticket for one-third, the regular fare, if one hundred persons who attend the Convention, have such certificates. The going ticket must be purchased within three days before the opening of the meeting. No reduction of fare will be allowed on older tickets in returning.

Those going to the Convention must return the same way that they came, and no ticket or certificate is transferable. No stop-over allowed on return tickets.

It is important that all persons should tell their ticket agents that they are going to the Convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, at New York City, and their tickets and certificates at least thirty minutes—half an hour—before their trains leave.

Return tickets can be had any time within three days after the adjournment of the meeting. Giving those so desiring additional time to enjoy themselves in the city and vicinity.

LIST OF ROUTES MAKING THE CONNECTION. Addison & Pennsylvania. Allegheny Valley. Baltimore & Ohio. Baltimore & Potomac. Bennington & Rutland. Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh. Camden & Atlantic. Central of New Jersey, except locally between Philadelphia & New York. Central Vermont. Chesapeake & Ohio (east of Charleston, West Va.) Cumberland Valley. Delaware & Hudson Canal Co. Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. Elmira, Cortland & Northern. Fall Brook Coal Co. Fitchburg. Grand Trunk. Lehigh Valley. New York Central & Hudson River. New York, Lake Erie & Western (east of Salamanca & Buffalo). New York, Ontario & Western. New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk. Northern Central. Pennsylvania (except locally between Philadelphia & New York). Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore. Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg (except on Phoenix line—stations between Syracuse and Oswego). Western New York & Pennsylvania. West Jersey. West Shore.

*Only for business originating at, or distance to stations on the direct line of these roads between Troy, New York, and Montreal, Canada.

Cut this out and show it to your ticket agent at least thirty minutes before your train leaves. It will save time and explanation.

THOMAS F. FOX, President.

WM. M. CHAMBERLAIN, Sec'y.

THOMAS F. FOX, T. A. FROELICH, Local Committee of Arrangements.

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Troy, State St., at 9 A.M.

Albany, Maiden Lane, at 10 A.M. (sharp.)

TICKETS, 50 cts.

Various sports, including Tug of War, Foot Race, Boat Race, Sack Race, etc., will be indulged in.

Baeren Island is beautifully situated on the Hudson River, fifteen miles below Albany.

Western mutes attending the Convention will find it to their advantage to stop over and take in the excursion.

Refreshments served on board boat and at the Grove.

COMMITTEE:

W. T. COLLINS, Chairman.

M. R. PALMER, Secretary.

C. F. MULL, Treasurer.

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